TWO APRILS.

White as snow were the dog-wood blooms,
The heavens were sweetly blue;
And the air was laden with faint perfumes
From the myriad flowers that grew.

The south wind stirred in the meadow grass,
And ruffled the lark's brown wing;
And the creamy buds of the sassafras
Awoke with the breath of Spring.

The linnet broke with his joyous lay
The winter's lengthened hush;
The wide woods rang with the voice of the jay
And the song of the speckled thrush.

Fair and bright was that April day
As I lay in the scented grass,
Waiting for one who would come that way,
For one whom I knew would pass.

Near me there, with a musical flow,
The rivulet wandered down
Over the pebbles that shone below
Yellow and red and brown.

All over the banks the azure eyes
Of the violets glistened blue;
And thick as stars in the jeweled skies
The purple pansies grew.

On through the meadow and over the hill,
By the path that led that way,
On through the meadow and down by the mill
On that balmy April day,

Came she for whose coming I waited there
In the fragrant meadow grass—
Lay and waited that morning where
I knew she so soon would pass.

Sweet as a bird's, as she wound along,
Were the bright little maiden's tones,
As, gaily singing a blithesome song,
She crossed on the stepping stones.

Twin little feet, how dainty their tread;
Bright eyes glancing down;
Dark green satchel, and shawl of red,
Tresses of gold and brown.

Years have gathered the seed they cast,
And fled like a round of dreams;
Yet that April day far back in the past,
How wondrously near it seems!

Again, as of old, now the south wind blows,
In the self-same spot I lie,
Where the pansy blooms, and the violet grows,
And the rivulet wanders by.

Oh, bright, fresh flowers, do you bloom less fair,
Oh, winds, is your breath more chill,
For the sweet young eyes, and brown gold hair,
And the lips that are hushed and still!

LOVE AND A DUCKING.

"This is my daughter, Caroline. Carrie, Mr. Sloane."

Harry Sloane bowed, and pretty, winsome Carrie Hervey bowed in return.

Harry had picked out the farm as a residing place during a business trip.

After Carrie's father had introduced the young people he went to the barn, leaving the pair seated upon the porch.

"A pleasant spot, this," said Harry, after he had finished admiring the dimpled hands which the girl had carelessly laid upon the light blue serge dress.

"You like it?" she asked.

"Like does but half express my admiration. It seems as though I should be perfectly satisfied to linger here forever," responded Harry.

"But surely, Mr. Sloane, the attractions of city life must surpass those of such a humdrum locality as this."

"On the contrary, I prefer what you call the humdrum locality."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because, because—well, I cannot fully explain my reason. I suppose it is because I am heartily sick of city ways."

"And so you come here for a change?"

"Yes, I believe that is the reason."

The pair sat there upon the porch talking upon one subject and the other until the evening shadows fast deepened into darkness.

Finally Harry arose and said:

"As I'm somewhat tired with my my journey, I will retire."

The girl called her father, and the latter, taking a lamp led the way to the front chamber on the upper floor. Harry took up his traveling bag and after a "good night" to Carrie, he followed the old gentleman up the stairs, and shortly afterwards was soundly sleeping.

"He is handsome and so is Jack. He is gentlemanly, and Jack is not quite so easy. He talks and acts like a real gentleman, and Jack can hardly ever find the right word to say when it is needed. Jack loves me, and I—I wonder do I really and truly love Jack."

Thus Carrie mused after she had disrobed herself for the night, and sat by the window.

Strange, she had never questioned the fact as to whether or not she loved Jack. She had always taken it for granted that she did love the handsome, brown-faced farmer boy who had accompanied her home from singing in the parish-room on practicing nights in the winter, and taken her to picnics and on excursions in summer.

Theirs had been an affection without any question, any doubt or mistrust to mar the serenity of its flow.

Two, three weeks pass rapidly, and Harry Sloane finds himself musing over the possibility of his being able to provide for a wife. Carrie's lovely face, her pretty figure, and her grace have been the whole cause of his perplexity. Before he met her he never had a thought of ever marrying.

He had espied a fine young farmer on several occasions talking with Carrie at the gate, but she had told him that it was Jack, a schoolmate and lifelong friend.

One evening Harry was seated in the parlor talking to Carrie, when a trap halted at the door, and Jack asked her to take a ride. Again, when Harry requested her to take a row on the lake, she said she was very sorry, but that she had an engagement with—Jack.

"Miss Hervey, that Jack seems to take up all your spare time," exclaimed Harry.

"Excuse me Mr. Sloane, not quite all. I believe I am at your service, when not otherwise engaged, most of the time."

And turning on his heel Harry would leave Carrie. This soon became common, and finally Harry was determined to end all by asking Carrie for her hand.

"Miss Hervey, will you walk with me along the river side this evening," asked Harry one evening after tea.

"I—I don't know."

"Of course, it is another engagement. No matter, I return to the city to-morrow morning," interrupted Harry.

"You are wrong, Mr. Sloane; I have no other engagement. To prove it, I will go to the river with you."

She put on her pretty wide-brimmed Gainsborough and walked by his side to the river.

"It is pretty," she said, gazing out upon the lake, which reflected each shining star and fleecy, floating cloud upon its mirror-like surface.

"Pretty! Yes, beyond all others I have ever looked upon." Something in his tones caused Carrie to look up quickly, and she blushed as she found his eyes gazing straight into hers. "Carrie, I—I love you."

There, it was said. The die was cast, and Harry's heart jumped up into his mouth.

"Mr. Sloane——"

"There now, Carrie, don't Mr. Sloane me. Can't you call me Harry?"

"I might—that is, if I had known you longer."

"You call that farmer—Jack."

"Oh, Jack and I were children together. That makes a difference, you see."

"I suppose so. But Carrie, tell me, do you love me?" asked Harry, trying to take her hand in his, a liberty which she did not seem disposed to permit.

"I—I—let us go back now, Harry," asked Carrie.

"I love you, Carrie. Will you not give me just one small ray of hope?"

"I—I don't know," responded she.

Harry seemed very much in earnest. Jack had never, during all the years of their association, spoken of love. She, like other girls in common, had a deal of admiration for a brave man, and Harry Sloane seemed a valiant personage to Carrie, since he had dared to tell her that he loved her.

"Who does know, then?" asked Harry.

I—cannot; I—please let's go back home now," uttered Carrie.

"Shall we row the boat, the little boat down there, up to the stream which flows by the house?" said Harry, pointing to a small boat near them.

"If you wish?" said Carrie.

"They got into the boat, and, pushing it from the shore, Harry plied the oars. A silence fell upon them after the boat had gone a short distance.

They reached the turn of the water where the small stream poured its crystal waters into a lake. Harry turned the boat around—horror! the frail affair struck against a rock, and in another instant they were both precipitated into the water. Harry, as he went over, managed to grasp hold of the boat, and Carrie, as good luck would have, found herself securely upon the rock.

"Miss Hervey," said Harry, "we are in a nice predicament."

"I'm wet through and through," cried Carrie.

Strangely enough, the thorough wetting seemed to take all the romance out of both. Here in the water, up to their waists, Harry hanging on to the shattered boat for dear life, and Carrie seated upon the rock, some ten or more, yards from shore, all—all affairs connected with love were utterly vague to them.

"What shall we do?" said Carrie. Harry did not reply. Swim he could not, and he knew if he once lost his hold he would go down, down to a watery grave.

"I—I am sorry we started. I—I Miss, Miss Her—Hervey, we shall both be at the bottom by morning," stuttered Harry.

"Humph! I shouldn't wonder a bit, poor Mr. Sloane!"

"Wh—what do you—you mean?"

"Why don't you do something, Mr. Sloane? Swim to shore for another boat. Do anything to get me off this horrid rock!"

"I—I can't swim!"

"Jack can!"

"I'm glad to—to hear it. I—I wish Jack was here."

Carrie then seemed to be possessed of an idea which she suddenly put into effect, for raising her voice to its highest pitch, she cried—Jack! Jack! Jack!"

"Hallo!" a voice in the distance responded.

"Quick, Jack; out here in the river where the stream flows in," cried Carrie, as she espied Jack's form upon the shore.

And then Jack dashed into the water and walked as quickly as possible to Carrie, took her in his arms and walked back to the shore.

"Help! How am I to get ashore?" yelled Harry.

"Walk ashore! The water is about waist-deep. You don't want me to carry you, do you?" exclaimed Jack, as he walked off toward the house, Carrie, very limp and dripping, walking by his side.

Harry walked to shore. What a fool he had been. If he had only known the depth of the water, perhaps he would not have lost Carrie.

Anyhow, he returned to the city in the morning; and I can assure you he never mentioned the little circumstance.

Carrie and Jack were married shortly afterward. She said that the sight of Harry in the water had cleared away all doubt, and she straightway knew that she did indeed love Jack.

RAILWAYS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Present and Future of the Railway Service.

There are now about 110,000 miles of rail way in the United States, representing a fixed capital investment—excluding reissues of stock, and reducing road bed, track, equipment, etc, to actual cost—of more than $5 500,000,000. Estimating the whole property of the people of the United States, including lands, at $50,000,000,000—a sufficiently high estimate—it is seen that property in railroads is nearly one-ninth of the whole. Of this aggregate of $50,000,000,000 of property, one half, or $25,000,000 000, consists of the products of labor placed upon the land,—houses, buildings, works, railways, etc.,—which constitute the capital of the country. Railway capital is, therefore, considerably more than one-fifth of the entire capital of the people of the United States.

Comparatively large as the railroad interest has already grown, not one half of the number of miles soon to be required for adequate railway service in the several parts of the United States is yet built. Taking Massachusetts as a standard for purposes of approximate comparison, that state has now one mile of railway to each four square miles of territory. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and others of the states, which, taken together, have now but one mile of railway to about seven square miles of territory, will require as many miles of rail line in proportion to area as Massachusetts now has. Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, Georgia, and Kentucky are examples of states which will need one-half this proportion, or one mile of rail to each eight square miles of land. They have now but an average of about one to seventeen. States like Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas, may be classed as requiring at least one-fourth this standard, or one mile of rail to sixteen square miles of territory. They now have an average of less than one to forty. Maine, California, Colorado, Dakota, Nevada and Oregon will require, say, one-eighth of his standard, or a mile of rail to each thirty-two square miles of area. They now have an average of about one to seventy-five Florida and the territories will demand one-sixteenth of this standard, or one mile of rail to sixty-four square miles of land. They have now an average of about one to 140

The ratios thus given are merely off hand estimates, in which are measurably considered the physical configuration of the states and territories, the opportunities afforded by them for diversity of occupation, their respective climates, and relative fertility, and such estimates are necessarily inexact, and at best can only be approximate. They serve, however, to sufficiently illustrate the proposition that not one-half of the needed railway mileage of the early future is yet constructed.

It seems fairly within bounds to assume from the rapidly increasing compactness and extension of our interior development since the war that proportionate future progress will require at least 200,000 miles of railroad to be in operation at the close of the present century. To build and equip the lines necessary to extend the transportation system of the United States to the are will demand a ... and when the capital investment ... 000,000 ... one of the number, and inaccur... ... sells each ... be, and ... In every hatred future ... of the ... whom are the very la... ... ditions to our present ... system to be built? The ... great work, involving an enormous expenditure of our savings as a people, must be accomplished, if accomplished at all, by corporate capital and enterprise, does not admit of question. That the policy of government building, owning and operating the railways would be ruinous, is as certain as anything can be. Aside from the line of facts which all experience shows, that under state ownership and operating, the cost of construction would be excessive, and service poor, inefficient and arbitrary, and the management extravagant and prodigal to a degree which would require the nation to be more and more heavily taxed each year to maintain the system, it is evident that the colossal patronage thus created would so overwhelm and corrupt the mass of our politics as to be the pitfall of republican institutions.

In the large requirements of our territory for increased railway communication are found important reasons why legislation interfering with and obstructing the free development of railways by means of corporate capital and enterprise should be avoided. Such are necessarily all statutes to regulate railway management. The class of people who save up their earnings, and whom we denominate capitalists will refuse to put their accumulations in investments the free control of which as property is injuriously and unjustly discriminated against by law.

The notion of the power of capital to systematically oppress public interests, the only ground on which statutes to regulate the railroads could be based, is at variance with truth. A great capitalist may at times misuse the power and influence which his possessions give but in the main he must employ his capital in legitimate business undertakings, the real interest of which can not be otherwise than in strict accord with the general public interest. In this real harmony of interest corporate capital may be far more safely left to company ownership than to be subject to interference in direction and management by the public, or representatives of the public, who can not have the special experience and knowledge requisite to wise administration; nor the same incentives to economy of administration.

The progressive improvement in our transportation system by the increased efficiency of and greatly reduced charges for railway service since the close of the war is a fact which can not be too often repeated, for it is the most potent argument for free railroads, and clearly demonstrates that the agitation in favor of regulating statutes is without warrant or sufficient grounds of public interest. As a further example is given the following table, showing the operations of the Illinois Central Railroad since 1866 to the close of 1882.

FREIGHT.

Year.	Tons of fr. moved one mile	Average rate per ton per mile, cts.	Am't of reduction each year computed on rate of 1868.
1866....	135 238 783	3 19	....
1867....	171,204,984	2 9:	$ 496,590 25
1868....	225,853 410	2.46	1,648 729 89
1869....	253 336,118	2.48	1,789 6-6 48
1870....	2 5.4 9,374	2 31	2 335 6 2 40
1871....	262 150 386	2.32	2 28 ,7 6 35
1872....	272 290.990	2 15	2,831,825 36
1873....	275,8 3 422	2 19	2,75,034 22
1874....	2 3,559 253	2 08	3 36 507 70
1875....	284 650,911	1.93	3 5-6 601 47
1876....	264 6.2,814	1.79	3 704 432 39
1877....	249,34 941	1.83	3,591,4 79
1878....	3 6 345 691	1.64	4 748,358 2
1879....	335 470 840	1 52	5,6 2 383 36
1880....	381,288 482	1 54	6,291 259 95
1881....	386 025 424	1.52	6,446,79 58
1882....	417,7 2,652	1.41	7 394 929 94
Tot'l reduction 16 y'rs.	....	....	$58,352,436 38

PASSENGERS.

Year.	Number of pass'ng'rs carried 1 mile.	Rate per passenger per mile in cents.	Amount of reduction each year, computed on rate of 1869.
1869....	53 3.6,016	3.95	....
1870....	34,305,218	3.90	$ 24 980 40
1871....	5,59 ,862	3 75	96,628 84
1872....	51.779,991	3.46	283,236 55
1873....	48 5 3,682	3.55	19 6 9 47
1874....	54,1 5 268	3.2	336,340 61
1875....	5 ,828 505	3.28	336 484 7
1876....	51 238 031	3.17	396 583 35
1877....	46 676,845	3.13	376,9 8 59
1878....	43,849 207	3 17	341 585 32
1879....	44 586 972	3.07	340 581 87
1880....	63 306,528	3 51	905.9 6 4
1881....	82 68 222	2.16	1,46 635 03
1882....	85,331 9'4	2.39	1,328 6 8 52
Total reduction. 13 years	....	....	$ 6,470,627 36

The footings of the last columns of the above statements show how much has been saved to the public by reduction in rates on the Illinois Central for the freight haul of the last sixteen years and the passenger movement of the last thirteen years. Their combined total is $64 823,063 74. That this reduction in rates accrues chiefly to the benefit of the people living on and near the line is shown by the fact that in 1882 the proportion of local to through freight was as 81 to 19, and of local to through passengers as 75 to 25.

VEAL CAKE.—Have some slices of veal. Put a layer of hard-boiled eggs in a dish, then a layer of ham, tongue or sausage meat; season with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg; then a layer of veal—in this way fill the dish. Bake in the oven with a little water in the dish, keep it covered while baking; when done, put a weight on until cold, then turn it out. A nice dish for breakfast or supper.

FAMOUS POPULAR SONGS.

Their Authorship and the Circumstances Under Which They Were Composed.

St. Louis Republican.

"Auld Lang Syne" is popularly supposed to be the composition of Burns, but, in fact, he wrote only the second and third verses of the ballad as commonly sung, retouching the others from an older and less familiar song. The "Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Wordsworth, in New York city, during the hot summer of 1817. He came into the house and drank a glass of water, and then said: "How much more refreshing it would be to take a good long drink from the old oaken bucket that used to hang in my father's well." His wife suggested that it was a happy thought for a poem. He sat down and wrote the song as we have it. "Woodman, Spare That Tree" was the result of an incident that happened to George P. Morris; a friend's mother had owned a little place in the country, which she was obliged from poverty to sell. On the property grew a large oak, which had been planted by his grandfather; the purchaser of the house and land proposed to cut down the tree, and Morris's friend paid him $10 for a bond that the oak should be spared; Morris heard the story, saw the tree, and wrote the song.

"Oft in the Stilly Night" was produced by Moore after his family had undergone apparently every possible misfortune; one of his children died young, another went astray, and a third was accidentally killed. "The Light of Other Days" was written to be introduced into Balfe's opera, "The Maid of Artois;" the opera is forgotten, but the song still lives, and is as popular as ever.

Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home," to help fill up an opera he was preparing, and at first it had four stanzas. The author never received anything for it, but the opera was a failure when played in Covent Garden theater, the song took, and over 100,000 copies were sold the first year. In two years the publishers cleared over $10.000 by the publication, and the variations, transcriptions, and imitations have been innumerable. The melody is believed to be a Sicilian air, and Donizetti has a varation of it in his opera "Anna Bolena." Foster's "Old Folks at Home" was the best song he ever wrote. Over 400.000 copies were sold by the firm that first published it. Foster is said to have received $15,000 for his share in its sale. Christy, the noted minstrel paid $400 for the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of "Old Folks at Home" as the author and composer. The song is thus often erroneously attributed to him. "Rock Me to Sleep" was written by Mrs. Allen of Maine. She was paid $5 for it, and Russell & Co., of Boston, who had in three years gained $4 000 by its sale, offered her $5 apiece for any songs she might write. Some years after, when a poor widow and in need of money, she sent them a song which was promptly rejected. "A Life on the Ocean Wave," by Eppes Sargent, was pronounced a failure by his friends. The copyright of the song became very valuable, though Sargent never got anything from it himself. "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" was suggested to Dr. Carpenter by a scene in Dicken's novel, "Dombey & Son," and the Music was by Glover. "Poor Jack" was from the pen of Charles Dobbin, the author of "The Lamplighter." "Poor Jack" netted $25 000 for its publisher, and almost nothing for the author.

"Stars of the Summer Night," a very famous song, especially for serenaders, written by Alfred H Pease, the noted pianist, whose sad death in St. Louis a few months ago, was so greatly deplored by his friends. "Love's Young Dream" was one of Moore's best, but the tune to which it is commonly sung is from an Irish ballad called "The Old Woman." Moore sang his own songs so well that both the auditors and himself were often moved to tears. Once when he was singing this song a lady who heard him implored him to stop. "For heaven's sake, stop; this is not good for my soul." Auld Robin Gray" was the work of Lady Annie Lindsay, who tells a curious story of the circumstances of its composition: I called to my little sister, the only person near, and said, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to the sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing. Help me to one' 'Steal the cow,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed." "Kathleen Mavoerneen" was sold by Crouch, the author, for $25 and brought the publishers as many thousands. Crouch was completely improvident, and in his latter days became a tramp. When Mme. Titiens was in this country a number of years ago she sung "Kathleen Mavourneen" in New York when a dirty tramp introduced himself as Crouch, was recognized, and thanked her for singing the song so well "Bonnie Doon" was the only English song that the Emperor Napoleon liked. "I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree" is said to have been written by a young English nobleman in love with the Princess (now Queen) Victoria. "Annie Laurie" is 200 years old, and was the production of a man named Douglass to celebrate the praise of a girl named Laurie. The lady afterwards deserted the man who made her famous, and married a man named Ferguson.

The Profit on Coinage.

New York Sun.

A considerable source of profit to the United States Government is the amount of paper money and coin which is never presented for redemption. Much of this is destroyed by fire. Some of it is buried or hid in places known to no person alive. A large quantity of the coin is melted to make sterling silverware. Considerable amounts of both paper money and coin are exported, never to return. Not long ago a United States bond, issued about 1819, was presented at the Sub-Treasury of this city. The interest had ceased over fifty years. It had come back from Europe through Baring Brothers. The outstanding principal of the public debt of the United States last year was nearly $2,000,000,000, chiefly represented by bonds and Treasury notes. It would be, of course, impossible to say how much of this will never be presented for redemption, but some idea may be formed from the fact that $57,665 of it was issued so long ago that the date is not recorded. It appears in the report as "old debt" that may safely be put down as profit. There is an item of $82,525 of Treasury notes issued prior to 1846. Some of them were issued nearly fifty years ago, and will not, in all probability, ever be presented for redemption. One thousand one hundred and four dollars of the Mexican indemnity of 1846 has never been claimed. The last of the fractional currency was issued under the act of June 6, 1864, yet, although nearly twenty years have elapsed, $7,077,247 have not been presented for redemption. Some of it is still used by banks and merchants for transmitting small sums by mail. Several New York banks have considerable sums of new fractional currency which they distribute for the accomodation of their customers.

As to the coin the Government derives a considerable profit from it. The silver in one thousand dollars costs, on an average, about $803.75. The coinage of a silver dollar costs about 1½ cents. The total cost of one thousand silver dollars to the Government is $816.25. Since the organization of the mint, in 1793, 127,190,618 silver dollars have been coined, on which the Government has received a profit of over $23 000 000

In the same period $122 758,510 was coined into half dollars. At the same rate of cost for coinage the Government profit d $19,395,769 on these. The total silver coinage of the Government since 1793 is $347,766,792. Estimating the profit off the halves, quarters, and subsidiary coins at the same rate as on the dollars, the total profit received by the Government on its silver coinage has been about $64,000,000.

In the coinage of the five cent nickels the Government reserved to itself the liberal profit of nearly 50 per cent. This gave to the Government last year the handsome revenue of over $100,000 from nickels alone. The wide margin between the intrinsic value led to extreme counterfeiting. Several years ago an assay was made of some of the counterfeit nickels, and it was discovered that the counterfeiters had put it to their coins more valuable metal than the Government uses in making the genuine coins.

Menken's First Husband.

St. Louis special: Daniel Kness Russell died here to-day at the city hospital, ending a life, which, in its later years, had been one of extreme misery. The announcement is one to which more than ordinary interest attaches, for Russell had not only long been a victim of that curious disease aphasia, but his life was a checkered one. His name is familiar to all theatrical people as that of a comedian who at one time held a high rank in his profession, and the people who have never known this may still remember him as the first husband of the billiant and erratic Adah Isaacs Menken. For some time before his death, Mr. Russell led from necessity the life of a vagrant, supported on the charity of his friends, sleeping in all sorts of places, fortunate if he had the means to obtain a bed in a ten cent lodging house, eating when he could get anything to eat, going without when he could not, about the only work he was capable of doing being "chores" around saloons. His full name was Daniel Kness Russell, and he was born either in New York or Baltimore. He was named for his uncle Kness, the singer, pianist and composer, who wrote "Ben Bolt," which was once so popular, and who was the composer also, of "The Miller's Song." Russell spent nearly his whole life on the stage, going on when he was a mere boy. He played small parts with Edwin Forrest, and being a great facial artist he could imitate Forrest to perfection. In fact, he could imitate nearly all the leading actors whom he saw. In New Orleans, before the war, he met Adah Isaacs Menken, who was then a ballet girl. He married her, and was her first husband, but he did not live with her more than two years. He was always very reticent about her until after the stroke which deprived him of his speech. When he began to talk a little he would say, when asked of her, "No good, no good for me; but splendid, splendid." She married afterward, you know, Menken, in New Orleans; then R. H Newell, the Orpheus C. Kerr, of the New York *Mercury*, and then John C. Heenan, the "Beacuia Boy." During the war Adah appeared as Mazeppa, the role in which she afterward appeared in Paris. From 1861 to 1869 Russell was manager of the Kansas City theater. Frank Frayne was the leading man of the company engaged by him The last troupe which played there before the theater closed was Mlle. Zavitowski in the "French Spy," Frayne playing Mohammed and Russell himself appearing as Corporal Dedien, the low comedy character. He had married again at that time, his second wife being also an actress. She was insanely jealous, and in some of her fits used to chase him down the street with a carving knife. During his career as a manager most of his money was lost gambling. He was a very fine billiard player and used to play 100 points or nothing. When he came to St. Louis after leaving Kansas City his wife's jealous insanity became so much aggravated that he was obliged to get her admitted to the St. Louis Insane asylum where she has been for five years. After he gave over the Kansas City management he got down to traveling in different companies and did job acting. During the war he was in the confederate army as a drummer.

How Tom Bowen was Outwitted.

Kansas City Times.

While the papers are recounting reminiscences of Tom Bowen, the Senator-elect from Colorado, some of the pioneers of Corydon, Iowa, remember him as having practiced law there when the town was yet in its infancy. A amusing anecdote, which is well vouched for, is related of the future Senator, who was then a lawyer in embryo—a sort of legal fledgling. One of the wealthy and prominent citizens of the place had a misunderstanding with his wife, which finally resulted in a divorce and heavy alimony for the injured fair one, culminating in almost complete bankruptcy of her husband. The peculiar feature of this case seems to have been that the woman had quietly used her husband's credit to her own advantage without his knowledge, and made a large number of debts which he was compelled to pay, while she had so successfully secreted all moneys and property that nothing could be found, and he was compelled to pay all her debts. This result was obtained through the adroitness and finesse of Tom Bowen. Mr. Bowen thought he had earned and well-deserved a handsome fee, but when he went to his fair client for his reward she replied, with an arch smile "Sir, my husband pays my debts." The shrewd woman had outwitted both her husband and the lawyer.

Enterprise loses strength if its efforts bear no fruit.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

OFF THE LINE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The boys stood up in the reading class—
A dozen or so—and each one said
That those at the foot should never pass,
Or find it easy to get up head.

Harry was studious; so were Jake,
Jim, and Robert, and Tom and Jack;
For men of business they meant to make,
And it wouldn't do to be dull or slack.

There wasn't another boy on the line
More anxious than Jimmy to keep his place;
For to be at the head was very fine,
But to go down foot was a sad disgrace.

But Jim delighted in games of ball,
Polo, tennis, or tame croquet,
And his mind was not on his books at all
When he took his place in the class that day.

'Twas his turn to read, and he started off
With an air attentive—a vain pretense;
For the boys around him began to cough
And nudge and chuckle at Jim's expense.

"Youv'e skipped a line," whispered generous Ben,
Who had often helped in this way before,
"YOUV'E SKIPPED A LINE!" shouted Jim; and then,
Of course, the school room was in a roar.

As down to the foot Jim went that day
He learned a lesson that any dunce
Might have known; for we're sure to stray
If we try to be in two places at once.

Sport, when you sport, in an earnest way,
With a merry heart and cheerful face;
But when at your books think not of your play,
Or else you'll certainly lose your place.

Flying-Fish.

In the sea there are three flyers that really, from the extent of their flights, deserve the name. Those of our readers who have been at sea, especially in the South, may have seen the common flying-fish, with its brilliant blue-and-silver body and lace-like, sheeny wings. From the crest of a blue wave they dart, singly or in flocks, fluttering along, rising and falling, turning in curves and returning to the water with a splash—perhaps to fall a victim to some watchful bonito (or dolphin) that has been closely following them beneath the water. These privateers of the sea are their greatest enemies, as they rise in the air following them under water, and emerging just in time to catch the luckless flyers as they descend. The dolphins will take great leaps of twenty or thirty feet in following the poor flying-fish, which, not withstanding their long wings and wonderful powers, often fall victims to their tireless pursuers. They frequently fly aboard vessels at night, perhaps attracted by the lights, or, it may be, caught up by the wind from the crest of some curling wave, and carried high in air against the sails.

The gurnard, though it has also long, wing-like fins, presents otherwise a totally different appearance. Its head is inclosed in a bony armor, from which project two sharp spines. Some of these fish are of a rich pink color, while others are mottled with red, yellow, and blue, and as they fly along over the water, and the sunlight falls upon their glittering scales, they seem to glow with a golden luster. With such hard heads, it will not be surprising information that they are disagreeable fellows to come in contact with; at least, so thought a sailor who was standing at dusk upon the quarter-deck of a vessel, near one of the West India Islands. Suddenly, he found himself lying upon his back, knocked over by a monster gurnard that, with a score of others, had darted from the water, this one striking the man fairly in the forehead. The gurnards are also chased by dolphins, and they are frequently seen to rise in schools, to escape from the larger fish, while hovering above them are watchful gulls and man-of-war birds, ready to steal them from the jaws of their enemies of the sea.

In company with these flying fish may often be seen curious white bodies, with long arms and black eyes. They are flying-squids, members of the cuttle-fish family, and the famous bait of the Newfoundland cod-fishermen. On the Banks they are often seen in vast shoals, and during storms tons of them are thrown upon the shore. When darting from wave to wave, they resemble silvery arrows, often rising and boarding ships in their headlong flight. So valuable are they for bait, that four or five hundred vessels at St. Pierre are engaged in catching them by means of jiggers.

Many of the squid family leave the water when pursued. Even the largest of them, often forty or fifty feet long, have been seen to rise ten or fifteen feet in the air, and sail away as if propelled by some mysterious force, their hideous arms dripping and glistening. They are certainly the largest and strangest of the flyers without wings.

Queer People Next Door.

Next door to my house in the country lives a family with many curious ways. There is no papa that I can see, and mamma herself does not live at home, though she worked very hard to make it in the safest and most comfortable way.

The truth is, and that's one of the queerest things about it, nobody lives there except a great many babies, each one locked into a room alone, with food enough to last till it is big enough to take care of itself. They're nice, quiet babies, and they like it. They never, never cry, but just eat and grow as fast as they can, till the food is gone and they are full grown, and then they wrap themselves up in a sort of silk quilt and go to sleep for a while.

Let me tell you about the strange mother, and how she built her own house, beside the country road. She's a graceful and pretty little mamma, dressed in violet blue with bands of yellow trimming; but nice as she looks, and careful as she is of her babies, she is rather a savage little creature, and always carries a sharp dagger which she is apt to thrust into any one who disturbs her. Perhaps you have seen her, or some of her family, for she has several cousins; they have a long, high-sounding name which I will not try to tell you; her common name will do us; it is Mrs. Sandwasp.

When she was ready to build her house she looked about till she found a sunny bank of soft, sandy earth, and there she went to work with all her strength. Perhaps I shouldn't say "build" her house, since she does not exactly build—she digs. A quiet, dark nursery underground is what she wants for her babies, and that she quickly made with her own sharp jaws, though that seems to us a curious set of tools to dig with.

When she had finished a cosey, oval-shaped room, ready for a wasp baby, she laid the little fellow in its new home, all snugly wrapped up in its own egg-shell. Then she shut the door very carefully by piling tiny bits of stone and sand before it; because, you must know, Mamma Sandwasp has a neighbor, Mrs. Rubytail, who, though much more elegant in her dress than the Sandwasp family, is too lazy, I'm sorry to say, to make herself a house.

Still, like other careless people, she wants her babies to have a comfortable home, and she admires the house Mrs. Sandwasp makes. So she is always looking around, and if she can find a door open she is sure to go in and hide one of her own babies in the house. When Mamma Sandwasp comes home in a hurry she does not notice it, but puts the food in, and when the baby Rubytail begins to eat, it first of all devours its room-mate and then the food provided by its mamma, like a greedy thing as it is. It is to keep this thief baby out of her house that Mrs. Sandwasp so carefully shuts the door, while she goes away after food for the baby.

Now here's another queer thing: Mamma herself eats only honey and the sap of trees, but she knows very well that such delicate food will not do for a growing wasp baby, so she provided meat; and the way she managed to have the meat keep fresh and good, and yet not be lively enough to run away, or hurt the baby was a most wonderful thing. First, she went out to find it, and she looked particularly for a certain kind of caterpillar. When she found one that suited her, she stuck her sharp, poisonous dagger into it in some strange way that did not kill it, but left it helpless and stupid for the rest of its life. You need not pity the caterpillar; it did not suffer.

After finding the meat the busy little mother had to drag it home; and when you remember how very small she is you can see that it must be a long, hard work. However, she never gave up, and at last she reached the house, which she found without any trouble, stuffed the caterpillar in beside the wasp baby, and closed up the door again, or rather she walled it up again; for she knew the little one would not care to come out for a long time, till it was able to dig its own way.

This time she was very particular to close it all snug. She fitted the bits of stone, and she pushed them in tight with her own hard head, and then she threw sand and fine earth over it to fill all the cracks. In this way the hard-working mamma went on till she had provided houses and support for her whole family, and then I saw no more of her. She had done all she could for her family, and I suppose she died.

Some of the wasp mammas provide other food for their babies; one that lives in France, and makes her house of clay built up against a wall prefers spiders, the fiercest and most dangerous creatures she can find I'm afraid she rather likes to fight; and at any rate she has to fight, for the spider has no notice of being made food for wasp babies. On the contrary, he likes wasps for his own dinner. But the wasp mother is quick and wary, and she usually succeeds in stinging the spider, when, of course, she has only to drag it home.

Another cousin of my little neighbor—she has many foreign relatives—lives in a tropical island, where cockroaches are plenty and do much harm. This little mamma feeds her babies on cockroach meat, though the creature is many times larger than she is, and how she can drag it home is a mystery. She knows how, and when ready, away she goes on a hunt up the road and through the garden. No sooner does she catch sight of a cockroach than she pounces on it and stabs it in a minute When she gets the big, clumsy creature to her door, she usually finds him too big to go in, so she cuts off legs and wings, and tries to push him in at the door. It generally ends however, in her going in herself and drawing him in after her, when she creeps out and leaves him.

But what becomes of the babies so carefully shut up in their dark nurseries? When they come out of the eggs they are not little wasps, with legs and wings and pretty dark dresses like their mothers; they are nothing but ugly fat grubs, or larvæ, as they are called. They care for nothing in the world but eating. No matter that outside the door is sunshine, and sweet, fresh air and flowers; eat, eat, eat, is all the greedy babies do.

Well, after fairly stuffing themselves till full grown, and as big as their mamma, though so different in shape, they at last get enough to eat, and each one wraps himself up tight in a silk cover which it makes for itself, and goes to sleep; or at any rate keeps very still, while its gauzy wings and its six long, thin legs, and its two big eyes, and its pretty dark dress grow, and it is changed from a stupid fat grub, to a graceful and lively wasp like its mamma. Then some bright, sunny day, out of every one of those snug nurseries will come a pretty Sandwasp, and fly away to eat honey and build houses as their mamma did.

Now, really, isn't this a very queer family to have next door?

Benton in the Senate.

Ben Perley Poore furnishes some congressional reminiscences to April Century. He says: Inferior in intellectual ability to Webster, Clay or Calhoun, Thomas Hart Benton had no superior as a man of iron will and haughty disposition during the twenty-nine-years and seven months that he served continuously in the Senate. Aggressive, bold and defiant, he would occasionally strike out recklessly at everything and everybody around him, like the huge wild buffaloes of the Missouri praries, treading his opponents beneath his feet in his angry rush. His greatest display of ungovernable rage in the Senate Chamber, was when, in angry debate, he advanced with threatening gestures towards Senator Foote, of Mississippi, who, fearing he was to be attacked, drew a small pocket pistol. The sight of this weapon made Benton uncontrolable, and, endeavoring to shake off the grasp of friends who seized him, he shouted: "The cowardly assassin; let him shoot me if he dares. I never carry arms and he knows it. Let the assassin fire." After quiet was somewhat restored, Clay suggested that both senators should enter into bonds to keep the peace, upon which Benton rose and exclaimed: "I will rot in jail sir, before I will do it! No sir! I will rot in jail first!" and he began to pour forth a bitter invective on Foote before he could be quieted. Even when he was defeated in seeking a re-election for the sixth time in the Senate, and was forced to accept a seat in the House of Representatives, Benton failed to display a chastened ambition or a softened heart.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.